Frances Starr Says the "Actress" She Plays Might as Well Be a Stenographer or Manicure *

By Charles Darnton.

AT bottle of milk and Miss Frances Starr meet as old friends at the Stuyvesant Theatre. No hurdy-gurdy music goes with this. It is a plain, boarding-house statement, and you get it at the end of "The Easiest Way." Never mind about Laura Murdock. She has gone to Rector's. Not so Miss Starr. She sits in her last-act dress and recalls the time when her regular midnight supper consisted of a single course of crackers and milk. The milk bottle happens to fall into the conversation and you catch it eagerly.

"When I open the window and take in the milk bottle it seems like old times," she tells you, laughingly. "You see, I've lived in a boarding-house." Your mental map unrolls itself and then curls into an interrogation

"Yes, a New York boarding-house," she answers. "But it wasn't quite so bad as the one in the play," she adds, putting "quite" in italics for you. At the same time you learn it was a boarding-house with a bottle of milk on the side-or the window ledge.

"It was when I was in the Murray Hill Stock Company," she explains. "I got fifteen dollars a week-some weeks. To be more exact I got fifteen dollars every other week, which made it seven-and-a-half in the long run, for in the long run of the stock season I would average one part in two weeks. All this leads to the milk bottle. It's really very simple. Do you know Laura Crewes? We lived together in the boarding-house, and after the theatre we would bring in the bottle of milk out of the night air and Laura and her mother and I would have the best and jolliest supper of crackers and milk that the market afforded. Sometimes we would have to count the crackers, but we were happy and healthy, and so one cracker more or less didn't matter. We were so interested in our work that we didn't bother about trifles."

Doesn't Care for Cuxuries.

mind for Mr. Eugene Walter. If he ar, in 'The Easiest Way.' " had known Miss Frances Starr before You wait for an account of this last be wrote "The Easiest Way," weak "accident." You haven't heard the strong on crackers and milk.

Miss Starr is saying while your thoughts go trailing after Laura. "Of how she met Laura. course, I like pretty things, but I can "You see," she finally confides, "I be happy without them. But Laura was to appear in another play this can't. She has been spoiled by luxury. season. Nearly my whole summer at that tinkles pleasantly."

know are such dears that I can feel ter?' 'Please stand up,' he said. Won-enly the greatest admiration for them." dering whether he was afraid I had

Ability Plus Cuck.

"I'm afraid," she admits, "that I know very little about Broadway, and so my knowledge of so-called 'actresses' may be limited. But I do know that merit counts on the stage. The actress who succeeds must satisfy her audiences. To get along she must have ability—and a little luck. I believe in luck. Without it an actress may never get a chance to prove that she has

hext words are enough to discourage That's the story of my last accident." any accident insurance man:

"I believe in accidents. Everything has come to me by accident. Just by Easiest Way" has run its course. lops' and gave me a place in Mr. War. | her "Fellow-Feeling." field's company. Then another accident "No," replies Miss Starr, keeping happened and Mr. Belasco wanted a guard on her words, "the heroine of

I had suddenly decided to produce-and there I was in 'The Rose of the You at once find an excuse in your Rancho!' Now, by another accident, I

Laura Murdock might have grown news, and it seems to call for a "special trong on crackers and milk.

"I have never cared for luxuries," you a moment longer.

She is like a pretty kitten that wants Lake George was given up to work to be stroked and have a blue ribbon on my part in the other play. In tied about its neck and a little bell fact, I stayed there until the middle of November studying with all dock. I don't care what I play so long Not that Miss Starr considers Laura my might. I had everything settled as it is human-and different. I hope a reflection on the "profession." Heaven in my mind, even to the dresses people may never speak of 'a Frances and Belasco forbid! She has you in I should wear, when Mr. Belasco sent Starr part, nor any 'star part' for that the corner of her eye as she explains: for me. The opera season had opened matter, so far as I am concerned. I "Laura isn't really an actress after and I was to give myself up to weeks of like to appear in a play that gives evall, you know. She is merely a girl music. To prepare for this treat I pol- erybody a chance to score. This fellowwho likes to be called an 'actress.' And ished up my French, and on Saturday when it comes to the easiest way afternoon of that week I went to a company training. It is impossible to with that sort of girl she might just as performance of 'Tosca.' That night Mr. be selfish at the Monday performances well be a stenographer, or a milliner, Belasco, with Mr. Dean, came to see of a stock company, when everybody or a manicure. In the play she happens to be an 'actress.' I don't believe down, raised his finger as though about that money or influence ever makes an actress. She must succeed by her own merit if at all. The only actresses or influence ever makes are actress. She must succeed by her own merit if at all. The only actresses or influence ever makes are actress. She must succeed by her own merit if at all. The only actresses or influence ever makes are actress. She must succeed by her or influence ever makes are actresses are actresses. She must succeed by her or influence ever makes are actresses are actresses. She must succeed by her or influence ever makes are actresses are a

By this time Miss Starr seems to con- shrunk, I stood up. He carefully meassider it safe to let you out of the corner ured me with his eye, then turned to Mr. Dean and said: 'Yes, she'll do. A times larger than the male the british Isles, has a popula-She's just the woman for the part.'

"They said too much opera wasn't shility. You know, there are any number of talented people on the stage who ber of talented people on the stage who leads to much opera wasn't good for me—that it got on my nerves white slaves in plenty who cannot be white slaves in plenty who cannot be white slaves in plenty who cannot be whose to discuss the configuration that not only their own an awrul bore it must be to have to observe it, to go out and hit something. and made me hysterical. And I had hever get an opportunity to show what and made me hysterical. And I had they can do. They grow old waiting for heard one opera! Incidentally, that's a chance. That's the tragedy of it all.

Bome, perhaps, lack intelligent directions was sent to me the next day, tion. They work hard, but in the wrong once more. But my enthusiasm over way. Worst of all, luck never comes

"The Easiest Way' made me forget She looks about as though to thank everything else. I liked my new part nome one, then fingers the embroidery so much better than the one I had on her dress as a schoolgirl might. Her learned that my sorrow turned to joy. The other play is buried in her smile. But it may be resurrected when "The



"He sat down and merely looked at me."

A Few Good Timely Laughs.

"Good night," he presently said.
"Good night," she answered coldly. "And I only want to say," she sarcastically added, "that I am sorry to find that ou are the sort of young man who would even hesitate to take a bunch of mistletoe for an annual

Then he woke up.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOING to the North Pole is no pleasure trip," said the sympathetic "Well," answered the Arctic explorer, "it reminds me somewhat of the average pleasure trip. Everybody is so anxious to start and so glad to get home."-Washington Star.

HOPE you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother.
"Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful.

"Why, what do you mean, child?" "When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake, I said: 'No. thank you; I've had enough.' "-Harper's Weekly

according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, who otherwise are godly and beyond my wiles. Lots of editors are falling from grace after reading weather poems, the open car brings out the end-seat hog who causes curses, the bock beer causes men's footsteps to stumble on the straight and narrow path, spring bonnets cause husbands to forget their Christianity and the fasting man who runs up against an

Still Doing Business.

O ATAN smiled serenely. "But," objected the visitor, "this is Lent, a period of sackcloth and ashes, fasting and repentance."

"Well," said the Old Boy, "I'll admit that there is a slight shrinkage in the number of arriving guests, but I'll make up for that easily as soon as the summer resorts open up."

"Besides," Lucifer went on hopefully, I am now appealing to a new class fasting man who runs up against an omelet made of cold storage-eggs always goes down on my books!"

THE WIDOW

Says a Man Marries "Just Because," But a Woman, Only for Good Reasons.

glanced toward a smart young man and a peroxide who sat sipping "Or because he's in love, but because he's in a sentimental mood, or a good humor, or a scrape, or wants to escape some other girl"—"Or because he's in trouble," added

cafe, "why do chorus girls and artist's models and-and things like that?" "I don't know." responded the

Bachelor sadly. as-as why they marry at all." The Widow snapped a bread-stick

"Just look at poor Jack Van Tassel," she continued, ignoring the thrust, "tied for life to that-work of art in pink chiffon!" and she regarded the peroxide

blonde\scornfully.
"And yet," sighed the Bachelor thoughtfully, "he had a good home!" "And plenty of money," agreed the Widow.

"And a laundry that sewed on buttons and darned his socks"-

"And a Japanese man who could cook better than a mother" "And a valet who kept his clothes

pressed and told him all the latest gossip"---

"And all he wanted of that girl's society-or at least all that was good for him!" concluded the Widow. "And now he'll have a mother-in-law and a The Ice in the Widow's Eye Malted. Harlem housekeeping flat, and quarrels at the time," finished the Widow. "He and babies and bills. It is difficult to takes a wife exactly as he takes a cocksee why men marry at all in these days tail-and then invents the reason afterof bachelor apartments and modern im- ward. When the notion seizes him he provements"-

put in the Bachelor.

"But if they are going to marry," went on the Widow, with dignity, "why don't they marry wives instead of-of playthings? Why don't they show some severely, "always marries for a good intelligence and reason in selecting a reason-for love, or companionship, helpmate, instead of just picking up the first bauble that happens to attract their eyes? If Jack merely wanted amuse-

"Oh, well," responded the Bachelor,

"Or perhaps he was lonesome," sighed

or, "or only afraid somebody else than ever!"
"What—what for?" stammered the

"What?" The Widow dropped her

By Helen Rowland. I woman for any particular reason, but-66 TELL me," demanded the her, but because some other man wants Widow riaintively, as she her. Not because he's in love, but be-

"Or because he's in trouble," added red wine at an the Bachelor, "and wants sympathy." "Or because he's in luck," scoffed the the "bonemian" Widow, "and wants to celebrate."

"Or because he can't think of anything nice men marry else amusing to do at the moment." "Or because she 'happened to be there'



merely puts out his hand and grabs any "And plenty of nice, kissable girls," glass or any girl that happens to be

"Moral," quoth the Bachelor airlly, "always manage to be near"-"A woman," interrupted the Widow

"Or a good income," broke in the Bachelor; "or for spite, or for fear of being an old maid, or"-

"She selects a husband because he is worthy, or good, or rich," pursued the Widow determinedly.

"Or because she happens to be able to get him," interpolated the Bachelor. "But a man never knows why he wants a particular girl any more than a small boy knows why he likes to kill frogs or play hooky or eat things that won't agree with him," finished the Widow, desperately.

"Maybe that's the reason!" exclaimed the Bachelor with sudden inspiration. "What?"

"The reason why we marry chorus girls and artist's models and widowsand-and things like that," explained the Bachelor, "is because we OUGHTN'T TO, you know. For instance, I oughtn't to marry you"-"Why not, Mr. Travers?" demanded

the Widow with an indignant start. "Because I've got a good home," sighed the Bachelor, "and a good laundress and a valet that sews on buttons -and you wouldn't agree with me, and I see all of you that is good for me-but

-but I WANT to," he added, plaintively. The ice in the Widow's eye melted. "I wonder why," she murmured softly,

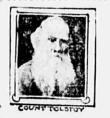
"Mr. Travers!

"Or perhaps he was lonesome," sighed the Bachelor sentimentally.

The Widow shrugged her shoulders.

"Or intoxicated," pursued the Bachelor, "or only afraid somebody else lor, "or only afraid somebody else lorger lorger

"That's just it!" exclaimed the Widow Widow. "Oh. well-'just because," and the



My "Cycle of Readings." By Count Tolstoy. ~~ Translated by Herman Bernstein. ~~

(Copyrighted by the Press Publishing Company, the New York World, 1908.) The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's

original comments on the subject.

Spiritual Life.

Geographic Hoso, or PRINCININO CHAPTERS
Likes. Burrell, stationed at Fambeur,
Likes. Burrell, stationed at F

ET errors and wrong methods not disturb you. Nothing ever teaches a better lesson than the realization of your error. This is one of the most important means of self-education.-Carlyle.

UARD your heart from cares that are foreign to you; do not meddle with anything that does not concern you; better try to improve yourself and to succeed on the road to perfection.

is a motive cause to make all our life noble at all times.-George Eliot.

life, is conscious only of his animal life, is terrible. The further he advances in life the weaker becomes that which he regards as his life, and then it disappears and there is nothing to take its place.

Big, Strong Men Slaves in Pink and White Fetters

Continent and City.

USTRALIA, which is twenty-six

times larger than the whole of

CLAVERY has not been entirely abol- light, and women who are compelled to estimation that not only their own an awful bore it must be to have to

their home life. herself; she runs him into debt, flatters faint in the arms of one such, and he Then we know him into a way of life beyond his means would half kill himself trying to carry that these slaves, and keeps him her slave by making him her all alone because she had often told all big, strong believe he is the whole thing and that him his touch was so gentle and so dif-

you and I, yet possibly we do not She weeps if he crosses her, pretends big-hearted, good-natured brothers. They the provocation.

Then I sometimes wonder at the wife's the Bachelor sentimentally.

The Widow shrugged her sentimentally. such until we know | if he scolds her; she can't do a thing for | that a six-hundred-pound woman could

young woman for a new play that he that play is not at all like Laura Mur- hold their husbands in bondage by an not to subvert, and a conceit which it other women to see, don't scold her preservation.

white slaves in plenty who cannot But before you get too irritated at the hurrying to get home, cannot resist the minutes at a time without flying a sig- anybody?" be rescued by any spectacle of the abject slavery to which temptation to pluck him in passing, it nai of distress. Federal or State laws relative to peonage. We even the science as mall fluffy woman can reduce a small fluffy woman can reduce a so easy to snatch a perquisite by an inevitable tribute to what he KNOWS is peonage. We even this clerks and swears at his office boy, true of himself.

Thave known quite a number of white three-thundred-pound man, who bullies inevitable tribute to what he KNOWS is denounce the little pink-apd-white slave "Oh, for different reasons—every the control of the proposal of the supervision to provide the match of the proposal of the supervision to the supervision to provide the match of the supervision to the supervision to provide the sacretic supervision to the supe laws relative to three-hundred-pound man, who bullies inevitable tribute to what he KNOWS is slaves in my time, but I never recklessly n't get out of it, you know." know these slaves, stop and think how she does it and why, In other words, many of the so-called drivers until I have had dinner with lobster fork.

recognize them as sickness if he reproves her, plays dead are often men of such sublime egotism leniency. men, are the slaves of little, round, So that, far from being an object of So don't be too hard on the pink-and- Fallagherane bog, County Tyrone, Ire

Boarding-House—Maybe.

A FIRKIN, containing one hundredweight of butter, was recently dug up by a farmer in

soft, pink-and-white women, slave is often the most gullible creature white world. Women are not half as bad as they are painted, and for three centuries the butter-of pale their wives, who in existence, with a vanity it is a sin if a woman makes a fool of a man for yellow color-was in a perfect state of

, would be very handsome of you to give, whom the hours wrought no change, hence he was unhappy.

she was very young, only a child, and in time would come to count him but a memory, no doubt; while as for himbulk well, it would be hard to forget her, but he could and would. He reasoned glibby that this was the only honest course, and his reasoning convinced him; then, and is reasoning convinced him; then, all of a sudden, the pressure of her all of a sudden, the pressure of her all of a sudden, the pressure of her time five prayed and the like before. He half sauddered at the memory.

As to Poleon, no one had ever seen him him thus. Never in all his life of dream and song and romance had he known a heavy heart until now, for if at times he had wept like a girl it was at the hurts of others. He had loved a bit and gambled much, with equal missing the first said.

There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted again in the dimness outs do fit he like before." He half sauddered at the memory.

"Jam sorry," she said.

"Yes. So am L."

"Sorry that you failed, for you will never have as good a chance again. Whith the seen you hit a knothole, shooting light. Gale slid the case from the long light. Gale slid the case from the long light. Gale slid the case from the long light. Gale slid the ime five prayed and the like before." He half sauddered at the memory.

"I am sorry," she said.

"There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted again in the dimness outs do of the fire-like memory.

"Kill him!" said Alluna.

"God knows I've always hated trought by white he's her said, then squatted again in the dimness outs do of the fire-like memory.

"I am sorry," she said.

"There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted again in the dimness outs do of the fire-like again in the dimness outs do of the fire-like again.

I have seen you hit a knothole, shooting light. Gale slid the case from the long lands and he had the mands which she placed in his. It was a knife in a scabbard, old and worn.

"Kill him?" said Alluna.

"Kill him?" said Alluna.

"Kill him

I do that. A gun is a straight man's after that the flesh takes it easily, like The latter had tacitly acknowledged his The party reached Flambeau on the friend, but a knife is the weapon of butter."

They're yours, and I have no right of F 'teo. and the trader, both of whom with bare hands, but here was one them under the law. Of course is to fallen slient and gloomy, and in against which force would not avail, "Ugh!" the man shivered. "I couldn't pierces through the coat, that is all-

hands, which she placed in his. It was

But there's no chance, It's all of a sudden, the pressure of her warm lips came upon him and the remembrance upset every premise and you'll have your mose just as high as you want."

"Whatever I get I will owe to you. In your open thinking. Suppose—well, suppose you keep two of those claims; they are sure to le rich"—

"Why, Necis!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Necis!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Necis!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Necis!" he exclaimed.

"They're yours, and I have no right of them under the law. Of course is and least and gloomy, and in standard contrast to that the fire law. Of course is and local audien, the pressure of her warm lips came upon him and the remembrance upset every premise and process of his logic. Nevertheless, he was honest in his stubborn determination to conclude the affair, and finally all this venomous thing that Runnion had planted in him had seeped and circulated through his being until every fibre was possible to the time show him the way.

She seemed to be very happy, her mood being in marand contrast to that the fire long was head of run-in, gotten. He had lived the free, clean life of a man who wins joyously or goes down with deflance in his throat, but this venomous thing that Runnion had planted in him had seeped and circulated through his being until every fibre was penetrated with a bitter poison. Most of his troubles could be grappled with bars hands, but here was one against test."

"They're yours, and I have no right of F 'eo. and the trader, both of whom against test."

"They're yours, and I have no right of F 'eo. and the trader, both of whom against test."

"They're yours, and I have no right of F 'eo. and the trader, both of whom and had an held it in his palm, letting from the high."

"The man is charmed," declared Gale.

"The man is charmed," declared Gale.

"The re are people," she agreed, "that a gunshot will not injure. There was a first with the day of the hids of the had a run-in, gotten. He had lived the free! of its had the first had the first had the first had the fir

Author of "The Spoilers."



OUR lives constitute our spiritual tradition, even as the % of mankind constitutes the tradition for the generation. A great dead of stitutes the tradition for the generation. A great deed accomplished by us

HE situation of the man who, not realizing the growth of his spiritual

read our secret-but you know

'Why! It was a simple thing' ---

"It was splendid when you defied them

My, what a flerce you are! Oh, boy! What if something should happen to

how I feel, don't you, Meade?"

me one-the poorest."

he had not determined as yet, nor did he like to set about its solution, it hurt him so to think of losing her. However, relief.

When he made no answer the squaw stand, and it came on me all at one, him so to think of losing her. However, relief.

When he made no answer the squaw stipped out into the shadows, leaving him staring into the flames, to return a did the like before." He half shudshed and in leave the moment later hearing something in her devel at the manyary. those people—they would have she was very young, only a child, and in